

MCGILL DAILY

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by sheldon goldfarb

Wise men debate Youth Report

The Report of the Committee on Youth was yesterday labelled a "revolutionary tract" by Charles Lynch, Chief of the Southam News Services.

David Hunter, Chairman of the Committee, emphatically denied this, admitting, "The recommendations of the Report are in themselves very conservative."

They made these comments while taking part in a panel discussion on the Report at the Saidye Bronfman Centre last night. Richard Pomerantz, President of the McGill Students' Society, also spoke at the discussion, which was moderated by McGill's new Dean of Students, Eigil Pedersen.

The Youth Report was commissioned by the Secretary of State, Gerald Pelletier, and is a study of "the aspirations, attitudes, and needs of youth and of the government's present role in this area".

It discusses the problems of "alienated" youth in Canadian society today — high unemployment, a poor educational system, drug abuse, conflicts between youth and the rest of society, and youth's lack of voice in the running of society.

Most of its recommendations, however, are vague and merely advise that more study be done. At one point, for example, the Report says that a "significant transformation of the Canadian economic system" is needed, but it does not specify what kind of transformation.

The Committee also made the mistake of lumping all youths together as a homogeneous group who are opting

out of society in frustration and disillusionment; it made little mention of those youths who conform to society's norms or of those who are actively trying to change them.

The Report's major recommendation is that an agency, called P2, should be set up to bring about more participation by the public, and especially by youth, in the running of society.

This agency is supposed to counter the effects of government bureaucracy, but it would itself be a hierarchical bureaucracy.

At the discussion, Hunter defended the Report; Lynch assailed it; and Pomerantz had some criticisms of it, while agreeing with some of what it said.

Lynch said the Report was lobbying for youths instead of investigating them. He attacked the uncritical inclusion of "radical demands of youth" in the Report and said the Report "used youth as a peg" for advocating radical changes in our society.

He added that the Report had overtones of the FLQ manifesto and was "the same sort of thing we used to hear from the Communists". He denied the need for radical changes and said, "I regard our system as a successful one."

The journalist did not confine himself to attacks on local

Communists, but extended his polemic to include the U.S.S.R., saying, "Dare we not spend money on armaments when there are large and powerful countries spending more and more on them? I refer here to the Soviet Union."

Lynch also said that our society is much better off now than in the 1930's and 1940's, "when we were taking up guns and killing each other in wars," at which point someone in the audience shouted, "What about Viet Nam?"

Pomerantz criticized the exaggerated emphasis placed on youth by the Report and said that we should concentrate on changing the educational system, not the economic system, as the Report advocated.

He also criticized the Report for undercutting youth's motivation to work within the system.

Pomerantz agreed that a modified version of P2 should be established and said that one of its main aims should be to "encourage patriotism" in the country. He also warned that we should be "mistrustful of all absolute doctrines and ideologies."

In answer to a question from the audience, Pomerantz said that youths have more potential for violence than other members of society because they are "more immature."

by arnold bennett

UQAM faculty prepares for strike

There is no settlement in sight in contract negotiations at two Montréal French-language universities.

Office and lab workers at the Université de Montréal were due to go on strike yesterday. But a legal technicality allowed the government to postpone the strike date to Monday.

Faculty members in all departments at the Université du Québec are drawing up "black books" listing their grievances. The Syndicats des Professeurs de l'Université du Québec (SPUQ) will then prepare a dossier.

The faculty members today begin a series of information meetings with students and university employees.

SPUQ spokesman Rock Denis made it clear that the coming

week will be the final week of contract talks. "It's the limit," he said. "We aren't going to negotiate for another two months."

Negotiations have been under way at the Université du Québec since January. The U. de M. talks began in April.

There have been contacts between SPUQ and Local 1244 at the Université de Montréal, but the two unions have not yet arrived at a joint plan of action.

The issues involved in the UQAM dispute transcend the signing of an acceptable collective agreement. According to SPUQ spokesmen this objective is "necessary but not sufficient."

The UQAM teachers' political action committee is circulating a four-page broadsheet on the campus, explaining its position in the context of the entire Québec situation.

The publication points out that the university is oriented to serve the capitalist system, and that even within this context it merely covers up the fact that there are too many "over-qualified" Québécois students for too few jobs.

It derides the concept of a "critical university" as irrelevant and that of a "popular university" as "aberrant," in the same way that "popular capitalism" would be.

What the UQAM militants seek as their long-term goal is the "radical transformation of Quebec society, an indispensable prerequisite to the disappearance of the University in its present form." "It is only on this condition," they assert, "that UQAM teachers are justified in seeking the support of students and other workers."



daily photo by bob chabot

EIGIL PEDERSEN introduces the panelists at the discussion on the Youth Report and bemoans the fact that he cannot make any partisan comments of his own.

DAILY STAFF

There will be a very important meeting of all Daily staffers at 4 pm today in the office. Staffers from the Supplement are especially required to attend.

I SEE YOU'RE HERE FOR HOMECOMING.

EH!? HOWZAT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN I HEAR SO CRUMMY?! OH, HOMECOMING! YES, I'M HERE. SO ARE YOU!

IT'S GOING TO BE QUITE AN EVENT.

LIKE HE MEANT? LIKE WHO MEANT? LIKE HE MEANT WHAT?! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!

WHAT AM I TALKING ABOUT? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

WITHOUT A DOUBT? WHAT WITH-OUT A DOUBT?!!

WITHOUT A DOUBT IT'S GOING TO BE QUITE AN EVENT!!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE MEANT, DAMN YOU!!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON THE TARGET AREA!?

I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE CAFETERIA IS, YOU BLASTED MARTIAN! DO I LOOK LIKE A GIRL GUIDE!?

10-1

GKerr

college football

Jack Greenwood on the Daily



JACK GREENWOOD: Editor '40-'41

daily photo by harold rosenberg

by arnold bennett
and janice levine

The year was 1941. Canada was at war. The Quebecois were uptight because of a conscription that was, in the words of Prime Minister Mackenzie King, "Not necessarily conscription."

Meanwhile, back at McGill, the select, compact student body of 3,000 was, as usual, reading the *McGill Daily*.

But the *Daily* of then was not as the *Daily* of today. In the words of the then editor, Jack Greenwood, "The *Daily* as such didn't take a political stance, but many people who worked on it were very liberal in their political outlook."

Nor did the *Daily* concern itself with the role of McGill in Quebec. In fact, the *Daily* took a

"noncommittal" stand on matters of government policy such as conscription.

Almost everyone at McGill was involved in the war effort. All students had to register in the McGill Reserve Training Battalion, unless they were already in some military program.

In accordance with the patriotic program of austerity, most athletic and social affairs were canned at McGill. The *Daily* itself became a "notice board" for events related to the war effort.

"To do this and keep the paper interesting was difficult," admits Greenwood. "But I think we were successful." He points out that the many letters to the editor proved that people were reading the *Daily*.

"We weren't interested in being activists for the sake of being activists," says the former Editor-In-Chief. "In the minds of most of us this was a war that was being fought for a purpose, unlike other wars before and after it."

As far as the Spanish Civil War was concerned, most of the people on the *Daily* were supporters of the anti-Franco Loyalists.

Greenwood admires Cana-

dian surgeon Norman Bethune, who served with the Spanish Loyalists and with Mao-Tse-tung's forces prior to his death in China in 1939. "He was a great man," says Greenwood.

Greenwood believes that the main function of the student press should be to service the campus with "news, reviews and notices."

"It should not try to supplement the downtown press," he maintains, "but people who want to publicize their views and can't get it done elsewhere should be able to use the student press, as long as their material is relevant to the campus."

One can imagine that the *Daily* of 1940-41, unlike those of MacFadden, Gage, Allnutt, Starowicz and Wilson in the 1960's, did not undergo too many crises with the Students' Council and the university administration.

But, asserts Greenwood, "we manufactured our own crises." He cited the case of a *Daily* managing board in 1936, at the time of the abdication of Edward VIII of England. "They phoned long-distance to Mrs. Wallis Simpson," (the American divorcee whose marriage to Edward forced his abdication.) "They

sat up half the night but she wouldn't come to the phone."

The old *Daily* also produced several prominent journalists. Eli Abel, feature editor of the paper under Greenwood, ended a career as an NBC broadcaster by becoming Dean of Journalism at Columbia University.

Gerald Clark, Greenwood's predecessor as Editor-In-Chief, became editor of the *Montreal Star*.

Despite the 10 per cent quota on Jewish enrollment at McGill and the virtual absence of any French-speaking students, "minority groups" flocked to the *Daily*. (The end of the quota system coincides with the end of the war, when the federal government provided free university education for returning servicemen.)

Greenwood's year as editor marked the appointment of the first woman to the managing board. And Ed Lemieux, news editor in that year, later became comptroller of Hydro-Québec.

Back in those halcyon days of 1941 the *Daily* was, according to Greenwood, the only college newspaper in Canada with an unpaid editorial board.

An editorial board of three made all the decisions, unlike the present policy of staff democracy, while the 60 staffers did the legwork.

The paper appeared six days a week and sold to subscribers at the price of two cents. (Inflation has since raised the price to three cents over the past three decades.)

Dailyites used to get free beer from Montreal brewers for their annual banquet. Often the foam flowed freely, even in the light of the sensational bacchanalia of the sixties (when the office was often flooded the next morning.) "Did anything like that ever happen?" Greenwood was asked. "Yes," he replied.

What's your excuse?

You could have gone water skiing or swimming or to a dance at night. Instead you've spent the entire day moping around the house feeling sorry for yourself. And why? Just because it was one of those difficult times? How silly. A lot of girls are out there enjoying themselves under the same circumstances. They use Tampax tampons.

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L132 — 7 and 9.30 p.m.
Series tickets on sale at door

The *McGill Daily* is published five times a week by the Students' Society of McGill University, 3480 McTavish Street, Montreal 112. Editorial opinions expressed in these pages are not necessarily the official opinions of the Students' Society.

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FAUT QU'ÇA SORTE

Un Vieux Refrain

Qui n'a pas parlé de la participation de l'étudiant à l'intérieur de l'université, et qui ne s'est pas interrogé sur le rôle de McGill au Québec? C'est pourtant à cette double interrogation que je vais tenter de répondre, et tant pis pour ceux qui se plaignent qu'on ne leur sert que du "réchauffé". Quand on a demandé à Robert Lemieux quel était le rôle de McGill, il a répondu par une blague grinçante qui semblait dire: "C'est votre problème, pas le mien, et c'est vous, les étudiants, qui aurez à en répondre aux Québécois".

L'université McGill est presque totalement coupée de la communauté francophone. Les étudiants de McGill, isolés sur la montagne, n'entretiennent aucune communication avec ceux de l'université du Québec ou de l'université de Montréal. Sans rapport avec le milieu, McGill, tente par des programmes d'aide aux entreprises, de se bâtir une carapace pour s'assurer, autant que faire se peut, une longévité artificielle. Déjà l'université vit dans un poumon d'acier et ses facultés (jeux de mot peu subtil) s'affaiblissent rapidement.

Au contraire l'université devrait s'ouvrir et fournir au Québec, et non simplement à une petite clique, les instruments et la compétence dont il a tant besoin. Malgré les structures il y a toujours moyen de déjouer le plan morbide qui fait que l'enseignement, au niveau supérieur, est essentiellement réservé à l'élite de la classe bourgeoise. A l'étudiant qui fréquente l'université on demande un prérequis sous la forme d'un diplôme d'enseignement secondaire. Outre un bagage de connaissances nécessaire ce diplôme représente en fait une garantie comme quoi l'étudiant a subi avec succès le processus de nivellement social et dépersonnalisation indispensable. N'ayez pas peur il n'y aura pas de retombées.

Outre ce laissez-passer officiel l'étudiant devra, s'il veut réussir, venir d'un milieu qui l'aura exposé aux préoccupations, aux idées, aux valeurs et aux buts, que véhicule l'enseignement supérieur. Il devra donc, à peu d'exception près venir de la bourgeoisie. Les frais de scolarité très élevés ne font que renforcer cette exigence. Quant à celui qui

fait appel aux prêts et bourses, il devra plus qu'aucun autre montrer sa bonne foi et le derrière de ses oreilles.

C'est cette coalition qu'il faut briser et c'est aux étudiants qu'il appartient de le faire. Les slogans creux, les clichés furieux qui fustigent l'Administration, ne provoqueront jamais l'appui dont cette entreprise a besoin. Il ne s'agit pas de transformer l'université en pseudo happening révolutionnaire. C'est au contraire une action réfléchie et concertée que nous devons entreprendre.

Que ce soit au niveau du département ou au niveau de la petite communauté que représente McGill, il faut mettre à jour les contradictions. La lutte contre la pollution de l'environnement a provoqué à McGill plus qu'ailleurs au Québec un rassemblement de toutes les énergies. Mais personne, sous peine de devenir suspect, ne s'oppose à la "pollution" mentale pourtant quotidienne. La propagande n'a pas de place dans l'enseignement, c'est contre "l'éthique professionnelle" (quelque soit cette éthique). L'université doit donner à l'étudiant la possibilité, sans que violence s'en suive,

de s'exprimer, de clarifier ses options.

C'est à la fois la forme et le contenu de l'enseignement qu'il faut viser et non les individus qui ne sont qu'accessoire. Si les étudiants de McGill veulent préserver leur université, ils doivent faire en sorte que celle-ci s'impose comme étant indispensable par l'orientation générale (politique), la compétence et les méthodes utilisées. Le travail doit donc s'effectuer à la fois à l'intérieur et à l'extérieur de l'université. C'est à cette condition que McGill cessera d'être un cas particulier et trouvera naturellement sa place dans la société québécoise.

L'indépendance réalisée, l'opposition Québécois-Canadiens-anglais, je l'espère, n'existera plus. Mais pour se faire McGill devra perdre de son arrogance et cesser, appuyée par l'inertie confortable dans laquelle se sont réfugiés les étudiants, d'être l'avocat du statu quo et le serviteur consentant de la domination anglo-saxonne.

Philippe Faucher

LETTERS

Grateful Humecoming

Sir,

I am glad to see that someone from my class on Hume is still around and now has risen to a position of power within our monolithic press. I have no doubt that my teaching had an awful lot to do with this rise. I must say, however, that I feel that he missed one of Hume's main points, i.e. the value of observation in finding the truth. In my letter to the *Daily*, I did not question why liberals should be against movies that glorify sado-masochism or infidelity (such a question, might make it appear that I actually wanted to glorify sado-masochism or infidelity and though this might be true I would never publicize this fact outside my classroom). Rather, I questioned why liberals should be angered by movies which seem to glorify racism but not angered by movies which glorify infidelity and sado-masochism, i.e. I

began to wonder why liberals aren't angered by movies which glorify infidelity and sado-masochism when such movies, along with those glorifying racism, would seem to weaken the moral fabric of society. In conclusion, I wish to thank the *Daily* for almost printing everything I said. Both Bertrand Russell and William Buckley Jr. have, in the past, attacked the *New York Times* for printing nothing that they've said whereas the *Daily*, at least, tries to print most of what a person says or writes and I think for this you should be honoured. It shows, without any doubt, how much better things are when we do not have a capitalistic press but one, like yours, which has the interests of the workers at heart.

Robert Feinstein

How not to go nuts

Sir,

Tuesday you published a most disturbing interview with

Dr. Maurice Dongier, director of the Allan and professor of Psychiatry.

It was distressing to hear Dr. Dongier's absurd generalizations concerning R. D. Laing and the existential psychiatry movement; it is strange that a man presumably knowledgeable and certainly in a responsible position would stoop to such slurring generalization.

I am of the impression that Dr. Dongier has read scant little of Laing. To gloss over Laing's extensive work-experience and his very real human concern is to lend an infuriatingly simple-minded aurum to Laing and the phenomenological approach he embodies.

What is this "anti-psychiatry" movement Dongier talks of, in your admittedly skeletal interview? R. D. Laing certainly is shedding the bio-medical models of mental illness from his approach. Schizophrenia in this light is regarded rather as a complex of symptoms and varying conglomerations of clinical signs than as a disease with definite pathology. This approach does not need the debasement of such as Dr.

Dongier.

In what way does the phenomenological school, as Dr. Dongier states, "very violently" forget about any biological or individual factors in mental illness? Laing does make quite cogent analysis of the alienating nature of our civilization, yet wherefrom does Dr. Dongier see Laing as citing the socialization process as the pure cause of schizophrenia?

(One need not assume the very definite stance of the *McGill Daily* editorial position to admit that deep change in our social relations is crucial to any significant improvement in psychopathological situations.)

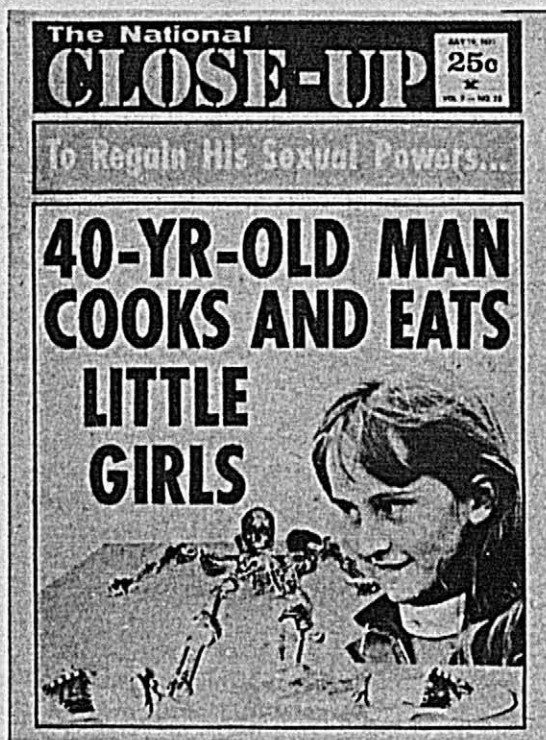
I am no living breathing expert on Laing, and I realize that I am taking issue with the ideas of a "certified" psychiatrist, yet it seems to me, even with my very superficial founding in these topics, that the views expressed by Dr. Dongier need further elaboration, at the least. Otherwise he has registered some dangerously irresponsible statements.

Stephen Aronson
BA U1

the Lower Canada Review

of Arts and Politics

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1971



Scandal sheets hit hard

by robert lantos

Don't knock them unless you've tried them. Tabloid owners are so rich they've gotta be smart. In 1969 Joe Azaria sold his holdings — four French language tabloid weeklies, five English language tabloid weeklies and four English language monthlies — for four and a half million dollars to his accountant, a Mr. Rosenbloom. They were only turning a profit of \$20,000 a week.

That's alot of hay. That's also alot of readers — just about everybody who doesn't read *Time*. 'Cause it's unlikely that the reader of *Time Magazine* would buy *Spotlite* for sexual entertainment. He is more likely to turn to *Playboy*, or *Esquire* or any of dozens of such magazines. If his tastes run to hard-core, then he probably has a subscription to *Screw*, or another one of the New York - San Francisco hard-cores. It is equally unlikely that a tabloid reader would pay much attention to what *Time* has to say, or even *Playboy*. The fashionable, expensive, and swinging image of *Playboy* pisses off the poor man who cannot af-

ford to buy a single one of its advertised products. Furthermore, the articles are intellectually too sophisticated and certainly too liberal. The features on dream houses, dream yachts, dream islands and dream cars are the crowning touch. The icing, *Playboy's* women are haughty and unavailable. They are all sophisticated, clean cut "swingers." The tabloids' women are distinctly "obscene." They are tough speaking, available and ever ready according to the stories under their pictures. They all speak in slang; they are all promiscuous, and they all yearn for rough, tough men.

Back in the late 1940's and early '50's when the first tabloids appeared, most stories were somewhat colored but basically correct accounts of actual off-beat events. As the circulation of the papers grew and publishers became acquainted with readers' desires, the stories became less and less factual until finally inventions completely replaced the truth. While the money saved in

creating these stories rather than researching them encouraged this changeover, the main reason for it was, in the words of the editor of one of North America's largest tabloids, "The truth just isn't good enough."

Good enough is the following story from the *National Bulletin*, August 9, 1971, "Ingmar Bergman, his kangaroo slippers planted on the bare belly of the starlet he uses for a footstool, took a deep puff on his Havana Hermosa cigar."

"He flicked the ashes into the open mouth of the blonde-haired, blue-eyed beauty he uses for an ashtray, and began to talk, squinting his eyes occasionally to get a better look at the girls skinny-dipping 50 yards away from us."

"Most women are pretty inhibited until you put them in front of a camera. Then there's nothing too dirty for them to do."

"To prove his point, Bergman led this reporter out into the street."

"Soon we found, ambling down the road, a leggy Swedish blonde who filled out her hot pants very nicely."

"'What's that thing?' she asked, pointing to the camera Bergman was carrying between his legs."

"'It's a camera,' he replied. 'I'm a moviemaker.'"

"'Would you ever consider making a film of me? I have a flawless body,' she said."

"'Have to see the merchandise first,' Bergman replied whereupon she quickly shed the shorts and halter she was wearing."

"Even though Bergman is an experienced porn producer, his hands shook when he got a gander at that gorgeous body."

"'We'll start filming this afternoon,' he said, eyeing the way her brown thighs tapered down to a lovely silk of orange public hair between her thighs."

"'You'll be playing a deaf and dumb lesbian who's trapped on a tiny island with a crazy film maker and a little boy."

"'You won't have to bring any clothes - you won't be wearing any.'"

"The blonde smiled happily and pressed her breast to his arm as he wrote out his address."

"'You see,' he said as he watched her wiggle away, 'nothing to it.'"

"'Any idiot can be a film maker. All you need is a 16mm camera and some film. When women see you running around with that they'll flock to your bedroom.'"

"His films, including such blatant nudie shockers as *Persona* and *The Silence*, have titillated moviegoers from Oslo to Hoosegow."

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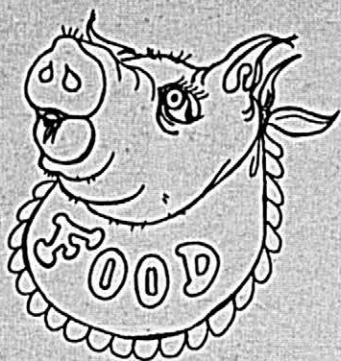
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by sandy meland

O-Pti-Zoizo, a six month old restaurant on the corner of Clark Street and Ontario is noted primarily for offering all you can eat for a dollar. In this age of inflation and monetary hassles, this should seem enough of a drawing power. In fact it is what drew us, pickers from way back, to case the joint! But it is much more.

After picking up plates and cutlery from the dishrack by the sink, we proceeded to look into the bill of fare. Meals are serve-yourself style, in a sort of non-mechanized cafeteria fashion, from huge cauldrons and monstrous wooden bowls. For those who collect recipes (or read Helen Rochester), "my guest" and I started out with a bowl of vegetable soup which would have been delicious if it hadn't been cold. (A note to the wise—to get hot "hot food"—and a good choice of the pickings you should come early—around 6 PM for supper). For the main course there was fresh tossed salad with a great dressing (made from soya oil, cider vinegar and various herbs), a starchy mishmash (lentils, cous-cous and peas), a delightful hot vegetable stew and various kinds of home made bread, all washed down with minty, licorice-tasting Anis tea. Desert is offered, too, but at an extra cost of 20 cents. Incidentally, the menus are varied from day to day.

We spoke to one of the workers here, François: an ex-teacher and nine to five dropout who told us that the restaurant, started by Robert Lorraine (a disciple of Sri Aurobindo), is run on a communal basis, where young people try to work together in harmony and to find fulfilment in their work. "No-one is condemned to do the dirty work" he explained, "no-one should be anyone's slave." Hence, friends, everyone washes his own dishes.

Besides the restaurant, there is a fantastic grocery store upstairs. One is immediately attacked by the intermingled pungent-sweet aroma of herbs drying on the walls and by the almost fairytale quality of the store. Here, along the old-fashioned aisles are large baskets filled with beans, lentils and grains. In another corner are rows of savory spices. The shelves are stocked with all sorts of healthfoods. We were told the prices are about the lowest in Montreal.

Eating at O-Pti-Zoizo was a unique experience and lots of

fun. It's a place that we strongly recommend. The restaurant is open from lunchtime to somewhere in the area of 8 pm and is about a fifteen minute walk from McGill Campus. (The exact address is 21 Ontario Street West.)

Music

by r stroud II

Tuesday night marked the beginning of a brand new season for Franz Paul Decker and the Montréal Symphony Orchestra and featured the debut of Igor Oistrakh, son of the famed David, at Place des Arts. There were several noticeably vacant seats in the audience, but this could be attributed to the eve of Yom Kippur.

The first part of the program was Oistrakh performing Brahms' Violin Concerto in D Major Op. 77. Oistrakh's interpretation and playing were superb and the orchestra, under the direction of Decker, gave an excellent account of itself.

The second half of the bill with Decker conducting was Gustav Mahler's Symphony No. 4, "Humoresque". The performance was incredibly well done, so much so that I could not distinguish the orchestra's sound from that of a name orchestra of the likes of let's say the New York Philharmonic. (I happen to be a rabid New York cultural chauvinist). The parts of the arrangement I found most to my liking, the various innuendoes and counter themes with clarinet superimposed over flute, were worked out in a very creative original fashion. Anna Chornodolska's soprano solo in the last movement was flawless.

About the orchestra . . . This is a relatively young orchestra, which has been together only a short while, and at present its forté is difficult to assess. All the criticism last year about its being at best second or third rate, although somewhat true of the previous season, might not hold any validity this year. Even though this was a typically sharp opening night performance and being much too early to tell, from what I garnered, I feel Franz Paul Decker and the Montréal Symphony are in store for a very successful season.

If you are interested in hearing recordings of the works presented in the program, I recommend: Jascha Heifetz, Chicago Symphony, Fritz Reiner cond. Brahms' Violin Concerto in D RCA label. David Oistrakh cond. Moscow Philharmonic Symphony Orch. Galina Vishnevskaya soprano Mahler's 4th Symphony on Angel.

Film

by Pat Hobby

McCabe and Mrs. Miller
at Cole des Neiges
admission \$2.25

McCabe and Mrs. Miller is showing in a popcorn movie-house. On the other side of the candy counter *Love Machine* plays to packed houses, but Robert Altman's film is no popcorn movie.

As the everyday folk of Presbyterian Church crawl in and out of the woodwork, they build a world all their own, intricate and beautiful, the most fascinating peep show in town. Cameraman Vilmos Zsigmond photographed this kaleidoscope of people, places and things with tender, loving care.

Presbyterian Church is a mining town. Lots of men with lots of money and not much to buy. They spend their time doing nothing special. They drink whiskey, mumble to themselves, dance on ice and stumble in the mud.

McCabe has a lot in common with these miners. Only he's a sharper, works with his head not with his hands. McCabe is made of lines like, "If a frog had wings he wouldn't bump his ass," and "Sheehan, you got a turd in your pocket?" Mrs. Miller is something else. She's been around, seen enough of the world to read McCabe and the miners like books. Both come to Presbyterian Church to help the miners spend their money. Both roles are gems. Warren Beatty and Julie Christie are so good playing them that after the film you're hungry for more.

That Robert Altman was able to keep track of all the detail in *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* is a tribute to his development as a director. Only in one or two

spots does Altman fall back into his old habit of taking the easy way out (as in all the football shots in *M.A.S.H.* that were copped straight from tv). The Leonard Cohen songs are pretty, but they don't do anything but fill deadspace in the sound track. A more serious problem, the visit to the lawyer in Bearpaw is too glib, not of a piece with the rest of the film.

In using prefabricated materials to fill out his sound track and story, Altman admits that he loses control of *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* for a few minutes in the course of the two hour spectacle. But Altman has only been directing for two years. In these two years he's made three films (*M.A.S.H.*, *Brewster McCloud*, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*) each worth waiting in line for.

Habitually, professional critics call anything they can't understand pretentious, allegorical, heavy and other nasty names. Scout's honor, there's no more meaning in this film than you can see on the screen. If the pros didn't understand *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, it's because they forgot to put their glasses on and turn up their hearing aids. Tough work being a film critic, having to sit in a dark room all day. Especially if you have to pay attention to the film.

McCabe and Mrs. Miller is no Monday morning lecture on the influence of relatively little applied to absolutely nothing. You can catch every word spoken, but you have to listen. You can see everything that happens, but you have to open your eyes wide. Well worth the trouble, for once you get to take in a film that hasn't been predigested for you.

Contest

The art of telling ghost stories is moribund but not totally dead. Children still love them and many old-timers yearn for the sense of unmediated mystery that they provide. In fact, we of LCRAP feel that the ghost story may be that little piece that is missing from all our lives. Not as ratiocinative as the mystery, nor as farfetched and hokey as the horror story, a true ghost story appeals to the deep current in everybody's soul that knows that what is real is not different from what appears to be real, it is only more so. LCRAP invites readers to submit original ghost stories of not more than 1000 words in length. The three best, chosen by a panel of eleven year old judges, will be published. Entries should be typed and submitted to the LCRAP office, rm B41, in the Union basement. Prizes to be announced.

Books

by louise abbott

Snowmobiles Forbidden
A collection of poetry, prose and graphics
Ed. D. Chenoweth, C. Gurd
128 pp. Montreal: A.B.M. Printing \$2.50

Snowmobiles Forbidden is a collection of poetry, prose and graphics edited by last year's staff of the McGill *Daily* supplement. The twenty-seven young writers and artists whose work appears include several present or former McGill students and a conglomeration of others—several art school affiliates, a few college drop-outs, a couple of high school teachers, a Greek Classics scholar, an attic-dwelling recluse, and an inmate of Bordeaux.

What this unlikely group has produced is a series of personal statements delivered in a sprawling range of styles. Almost no technique goes untried. Yet, divided as they may be in background and in preference for the avant-garde and the traditional in art, the authors still share certain basic concerns. They lament our world in which values are distorted and human life is cheap.

On sale at Classics, Mansfield Book Mart, The University Book Store, etc.

POEM: for MARTIN NEWMAN

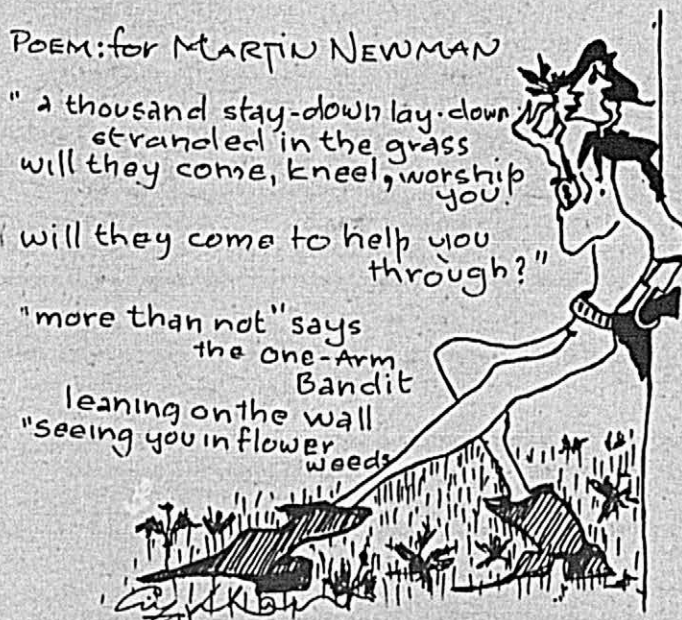
"a thousand stay-down lay-down
stranded in the grass
will they come, kneel, worship
you!"

"will they come to help you
through?"

"more than not" says
the One-Arm
Bandit
leaning on the wall
"seeing you in flower
weeds"

leaves will nod their head to tears."

- by TOM KONVES



Rikers Island Penitentiary rises grimly

out of the swift flowing currents of Long Island Sound, about a mile or so from Hell's Gate channel. On a clear day, it is visible along the north shore of Queens and Nassau counties. Gradually phased out as a State facility, it is now a New York City Jail, housing the city's Adolescent Remand 'Shelter'. Recently a women's wing was added to relieve overcrowding in the Women's House of Detention.

After arriving via a drawbridge I was checked in and (for all you scatological buffs) given the famous asshole look-see, along with a routine medical check-up. I was designated to Cellblock 10, issued my first pair of work boots and prison greys (the shoes didn't fit) and was now an official ward of the state.

On my way over to the Cellblock the two guards escorting me took me over for a visit with the lieutenant who commanded the section. A knock on the door followed by a shrill "Come in!" brought me up in front of a thin, gaunt man sitting behind a desk.

For about 15 seconds he didn't speak; he just kept looking me up and down and finally focussed his eyes directly on mine. All was silent except for a fan rustling some papers on the desk. He shifted his attention momentarily to the guards and then addressed me: "I know your type." (Oh God, not this shit.) "You're yellow, you're nothing but a little punk." He paused to allow the full weight of his insult to settle in.

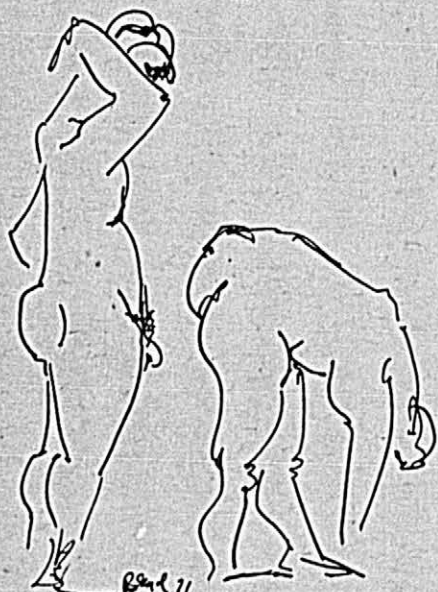
"But I'll be fair with you. You don't cause trouble—" and as though he'd rehearsed it many times: "Say, did this punk come from the Tombs?"

"Yeah."

"Well, if you don't fuck around here no one will bother you. But if you do, you'll wish you were back in the Tombs."

"Yes, sir."

They all laughed — they seemed to have gotten quite a charge out of that.



wait for the weekly shower

No unions, raises, or seniority rights

Arriving at my cell I found it occupied by a pale-looking black man. When the guards left he turned to me and introduced himself as Henry.

"What are you in for?" he asked.

I told him and his face broke out in a grin. When I asked about his stroke of bad luck I discovered that we had something in common — our "trade".

Rikers Island is about half white and half black and Puerto Rican, but there was hardly any racial tension. There

were some bigots but they were shunned by most of the other prisoners. A large percentage of the guards at Rikers were black. Henry was my roommate for about four months until he was released. If I did not dig him, I would have been sorry to see him go.

The thing that made this place better than the Tombs was that you had more to do and more room to move around. But you got the same shit food, and thinking of the outside always brought you down. For me it was off to the machine and metal shop after morning chow for an eight hour shift fixing chairs, making benches, metal brackets and cutting sheets of metal that wound up as signposts on the New York State Thruway. The pay you receive in the Pen is put aside until you are released and comes to about 30 cents a day (no unions, raises or seniority rights here).

Mickey Spillane and old War Movies

After our shifts were over we had an hour before dinner to run down to the canteen for cigarettes, toothpaste and that kind of thing, or we could check out the prison library. I looked into the library and discovered that Rikers Island had what might be the most complete collection of the works of Mickey Spillane anywhere — you have to be somewhat sado-masochistic to read that shit when you know who always wins. Every other day, an hour before the evening meal, we had a choice between exercising in the gym or playing some softball in the recreation yard. Then it is another hour to fuck around in the library or game rooms before back-to-the-cellblock time. Every two weeks you could stay up till about 10 o'clock — these were the movie nights when we lucky sobs would get to see such cinematic masterpieces as "Guadalcanal Diary" and "The Battle of Midway." We really got a kick out of

by r. stroud II

seeing William Bendix and Robert Ryan kick the shit out of the Japanese every two weeks: "Okay Yanqui, you die." "Watch it Roger, bandit at two o'clock." "Banzai."

The only days anyone used to look forward to were visiting days. One Sunday a month. The ten dollars from the outside that you were allowed monthly and your tampered-with mail were the only other things that make life worth living. The cartons of cigarettes that you get can really turn you on, especially if loaded with a little cocaine or heroin. (Grass, because of its conspicuous mode of consumption was rare and only for those who lived dangerously — coke and smack on the other hand could be easily snorted.) An old trick that the authorities eventually caught on to, was to have your supplier carefully steam off the cellophane and stamp of a cigarette pack and take one or two cigarettes out of the middle of the pack — the packs were given a once over along the sides for any discrepancies — and filled the space up with smack or coke and then secure it in place with some tissue to prevent rattling and skillfully replace the cellophane and the stamp using as little moisture as possible.

"Would you describe yourself as a chronic masturbator?"

Coke and smack are good jail-house highs because they really blast your

head out of your reality; but snorting that stuff has about the same effect on your nostrils as Nair does on a woman's legs. Once, after waking up from a hell of a high I felt a little nauseous and talked the guard into letting me go to sickbay.

Sometimes it can be pretty hard to get there — one cat in the cellblock was running around jaundiced for a few days before he finally convinced the stupid bastards to let him go.

If you think you're coming down with something and check into the infirmary, by the time you come out you'll have it. The general ward in the Rikers Island infirmary is one large room that holds forty to fifty patients. Serious cases are rarely removed to outside hospitals. One prisoner had an aneurism and was operated on in the ill-equipped surgical ward. A prisoner working up there at the time

separate facilities be built for all radicals and troublemakers. That would cost money and so it's unlikely that tight fisted legislators will take up the suggestion. What will happen though will be an increase in repressions on the entire prison population. Tighter restrictions will probably be placed on visiting rights and censorship of mail will be increased.

No matter what press you read — whether it's the 'liberal' New York Times or Montreal Star or the 'radical' Guardian — you'll never get the true story. Both the liberal and the supposedly radical press described the occurrences at Attica as being basically a race war. The facts don't bear them out: no less than forty five per cent of the prison population at Attica is white, and about that proportion of whites took part in the insurrection. Even Tom Wicker, in his article in the



for peace and quiet you couldn't beat solitary

said that a bunch of interns and residents from an outside hospital were called in so they could have their first crack at such an operation. He died on the table.

In the infirmary I had the misfortune of seeing this fucking psychiatrist who had interviewed me a few weeks earlier. He asked me how my sex life was and thought it was a good joke. He wanted to know if I jerked off and how often — this is after I'd been behind bars for eleven months — and he asked: "Would you describe yourself as a chronic masturbator?" For me, the solution to the sex problem was the fag in the next cell — just had to wait for the once-a-week shower. (At Rikers Island homosexuals were used to keep prisoners in line: cellblock ten got rowdy and few days later a few queers were transferred in. The novelty wore off and the cellblock was as troublesome as ever. The homosexuals were removed as a punishment.)

What else is there . . . ? Well — the educational programs (if you ever got a chance to go) sucked, and for peace and quiet you couldn't beat solitary, provided you could get by on a sandwich a day and didn't let regular punches in the mouth piss you off.

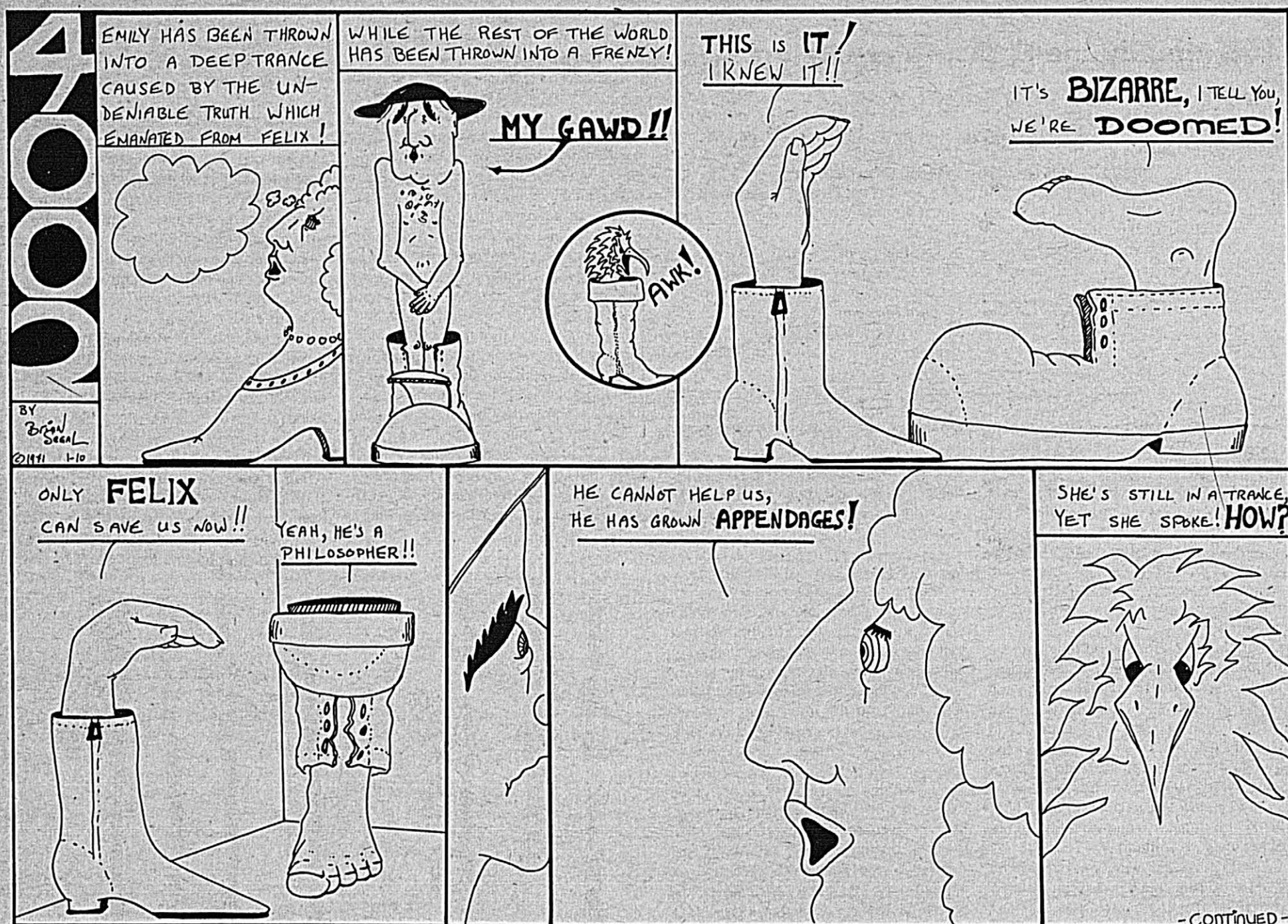
the future is bleak

And it still goes on to this day. But now — after Attica — things will get worse. The New York Daily News came up with one of their typically brilliant ideas in a Sept 24 editorial suggesting that

Times, got around to mentioning the fact that three members of the prisoners' negotiating team were white — the 'new left' Guardian somehow missed that. The trouble with most of the middle class radicals that the Guardian and similar publications speak for is that they have a stereotyped image of poor whites. They think we're all rednecks and racists with no revolutionary potential. Well, I'm sick and tired of listening to the cloying nonsense we're always hearing from people who have so little imagination that all they can do is pay lip service to other people's struggles.

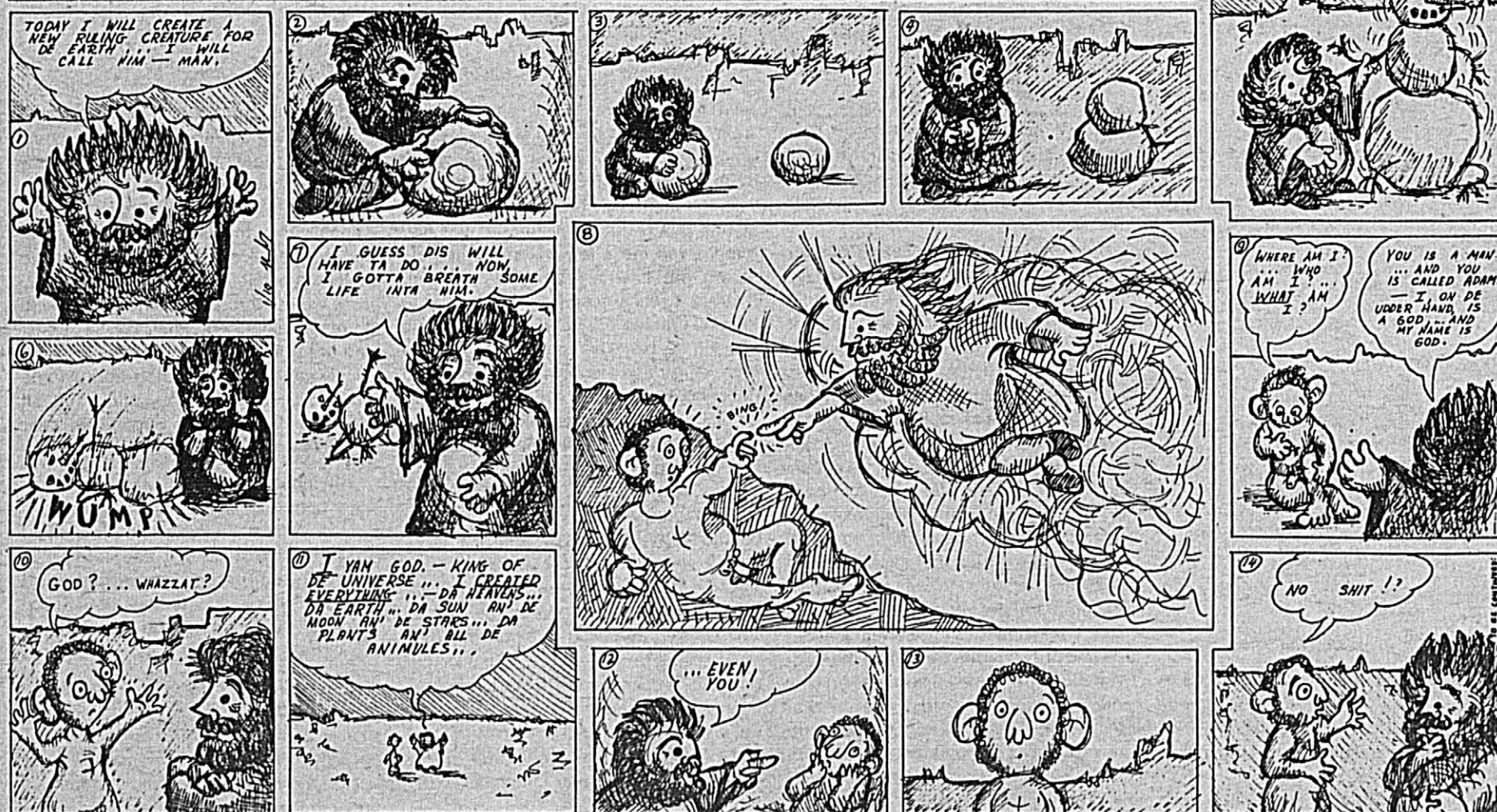
The fact of the matter is that the majority of people in U. S. jails today are poor whites. In terms of the whole population — rich, middle class, and poor — there is a lower percentage of whites than blacks. But relative to the total population of poor people, the percentages are equal.

This is the real nitty gritty of the issue. In the future, it is very possible that racism will be used on a large scale — not only to cover up prison insurrections, but on the inside as well as a means of preventing prisoners as a group from airing their grievances. It is quite possible that in the near future we will see the segregation of whole cellblocks into black and white sectors. Unless these facts are understood by the public at large the hope for any meaningful prison reform seems hopeless.



THE NEW, UNEXPURGATED ADVENTURES OF GOD

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And already the knowing brutes are aware that we don't feel very securely at home within our interpreted world

by arthur kln garrett

EJ was a poet and he wasn't a cynic. He ate brown rice and studied the I Ching, the Lao Tzu, and, with benign detachment, the habits of the mice and cockroaches with whom he shared his room on St. Denis street.

EJ had a girlfriend and her name was Mandy. Mandy was English by birth and lived with her parents in a big house in the Town of Mount Royal. Mandy's mother looked very much like Princess Margaret only she was thinner and her habitual expression was somewhat more dour. Her father bore a passing resemblance to Enoch Powell and didn't very much like colored people either — but nor was he wont to express his private opinions in company. Had EJ been a cynic he might have felt some antipathy — perhaps, even, contempt — for Mandy's parents. But, as he explained it to Mandy, he felt only respect for the consistency with which they maintained their own values — and this despite their ill-concealed disapproval of him.

Mandy, at eighteen, still had her virginity and considered it an awful burden. But EJ wouldn't take it: that would be cynical.

"You are not yet ready to pass into a new state of being," EJ would say remembering the advice of Lao Tzu's great disciple, Chuang Tzu, "You have not yet achieved a harmony of your bodily desires and your spiritual powers. And so, if I were to yield to the impulse of the moment and make love with you, it would be self-gratifying and cynical of me."

"Oh you're so good. You're so different," Mandy would say. And she would put her arms around his neck and kiss him on the lips. And then she would rest her head on EJ's shoulder while he prepared to read his latest poem.

"Would you like to hear a poem?"
"Oh yes, please."

There was a young man from Peru
Who spent some time at the zoo.
He said: monkeys are okay, giraffes
Elephants and all that
But please
Show me the way to the rats.

"Oh EJ, that's so cute."

EJ would sit up straight and smile a knowing smile.

"That's only the beginning." And he would continue to read:

Vermin, sweet vermin. Angels of decay.
Harbingers of stinking glory.
You are the subterranean conscience
of puffed up mankind —

At this point EJ's voice would become loud and gruff.

— Your spectral ubiquity bears constant witness to our covert iniquity.
You are not, as most claim, parasites.
No, no, you don't sup off the vitals of man.
In fact, man needs you more than you need him: You help him dispose of his garbage . . .

Mandy's face would take on a perplexed expression and she would peer over EJ's shoulder.

"I don't quite understand that part, EJ. It doesn't even look like poetry."

Suppressing any external sign of impatience, EJ would put aside his papers and suggest that they take a stroll through St. Louis Square.

Knots of old men talking; a gang of leather jacket boys lounging on their bikes; a few pale, spare bespectacled intellectuals deracinated clutching dogeared copies of 'Les Damnés de la Terre' or 'Les Negres blancs d'Amérique de nord'; EJ and Mandy would pay them no heed. They would walk through the square holding hands, EJ staring distractedly at the sky and Mandy staring wistfully at EJ, until the time came for Mandy to take the metro home.

EJ had no father, or none that he knew of; but he had a mother and she was a sculptress. EJ's mother was a big woman, buxom and bright-eyed, and a generous woman. The unsuccessful and the once successful, the despondent and the disillusioned, all sought her comfort and partook in full measure of her genuine, if somewhat cynical, faith in the goodness of human nature. To a young man — a computer programmer — anxious to flee the ecological horror of urban life, but possessing neither the means nor the will to do so, she would expound on the cosmic naturalness of human waste and remind him of the enduring agony of agricultural labour ("Don't you remember what Faulkner called it: scrabbling in the dirt?"). To a school teacher being driven mad by the youth worship of her contemporaries, she would offer a drink and the simple advice: "Your whole problem is that you are scared shitless of appearing to be reactionary — you shouldn't try to fight that image, play the role to the hilt and enjoy

it." EJ's mother would advise aspiring young novelists to quit their bookstore jobs and drive trucks; she would introduce alcoholics to dope and strung out dope freaks to alcohol; she would give playedout student radicals leads to jobs with ad agencies and she would introduce middle aged PR men, worried about their approaching climacteric, to 17 year old runaways from Sudbury or Oshawa. Only once did she send someone to a psychiatrist: he was an ex-cop who was fired from the force for keeping a mickey of rye in his squad car ("aw — what the fuck eh — everybody does it eh . . . they only picked on me 'cause I'm Ukrainian . . . fucking froggies") and had taken to beating his wife. When she next heard from the ex-cop he had managed to get a college degree and into medical school. He wanted to become a psychiatrist.

"Well, I guess you can't win 'em all" she said to EJ after telling him the story of the ex-cop. But EJ didn't seem to find his mother's story amusing.

"What's wrong EJ? Don't you see the beautiful irony of the whole thing . . . I mean, if every cop were a shrink and every shrink a cop we'd have a perfect totalitarian society."

EJ shrugged.

"I don't . . . I guess so . . . I mean, I don't like thinking about that sort of thing . . ."



the emptiness is the Fast of the Mind

"Ok sweetie. I'm sorry. I won't bother you with stories about my crazy friends . . . What's bugging you anyway . . . ? How's Mandy . . . have you copped her cherry yet?"

EJ winced.

"They don't use that expression much these days, do they? It's Delancey Street 1952."

"It doesn't matter how you say it — that's not the point. I just can't do it with Mandy. It would just be too . . . too cynical."

EJ's mother smiled.

"O. Cynical. I forgot. Yes. Cynical. Must not be cynical . . . I admire you for that, EJ. I really do."

She stroked EJ's long, silky hair, caressed his ear and gently eased his head into her lap.

"I've been getting into Chuang Tzu." EJ said as he nuzzled his mother.

"What happened to Lao Tzu?"

"Well Chuang Tzu was a kind of Taoist. But he was different. I don't know . . . like he says: 'Do not listen with the ears but with the mind. Do not listen with the mind, but with the spirit. The function of the ear ends with hearing; that of the mind with symbols or ideas. But the spirit is an emptiness ready to receive all things. Tao abides in the emptiness; the emptiness is the Fast of the Mind.'"

"Very good EJ — but what does it mean?"

EJ looked up at his mother, shook his head and laughed. And then he lifted her sweater and kissed her navel. A wet, lingering kiss.

And then EJ and his mother made love.

The impulse of the moment grew into a constant obsession and Mandy lost herself in visions of mysterious ecstasy, of deliverance from an enveloping pain that had no tangible source and for which there was no rational explanation. One by one her friends had found lovers, had graduated from the frustrations and partial pleasures of adolescence to the contentment of adulthood. Caroline had John, the football player. Joyce had Elvin, the blues guitarist. Eleanor was on her second: first there was Harvey who

worked in a bank, and now, Joel, the law student. And Celia, she'd had so many there was no point counting: Who was the most recent — the Jamaican singer or the Danish sailor? Mandy became lonely and forlorn and acquired morbid habits. She took to sipping her father's good sherry and reading dark novels about lunatics, thieves, whores, professors and politicians. Mother worried about her health and Father noticed that he was low on sherry. They both agreed that 'that awful drug-addict' was the cause of Mandy's woes. But they were both reluctant to interfere lest they should make matters worse. And then one day Father received a letter from London advising him that his nephew James would be taking a position with the Montreal office of his firm, and could he stay with Uncle and Auntie until he found permanent quarters . . . ?

James was a handsome young man, robust, wellgroomed and wellfed, who

Continued on page 6

knowing brutes . .

continued from pg 5

laughed a great deal especially at his own jokes. He did a bad imitation of a Prime Minister of a newly independent African nation having an audience with the Queen ("Well Your Majesty, you see Your majesty, in my country it is a sign of great respect to kiss the big toe of your host") and a good rendition of a Sergeant-Major ('ight-'eft, 'ight-'eft, 'ight-'eft). Mandy thought James resembled Paul McCartney, especially in his eyes, and told him so the first time they were alone together.

Two hours after he had strangled Mandy, EJ sat in his mother's comfortable wicker chair reading. His mother scratched her head agitatedly and paced.

"Here, have a drink"

She took down a bottle of Scotch. EJ didn't even bother to reply.

"Well, if you don't mind, I think I will."

"Please mother, try to relax. Sit down. Tell me a story. What about that interior designer who was ripped off by the fag queen from San Francisco. What was his name?"

"O . . . you mean Jose . . . Jose, Jose . . ."

Her words trailed off and she downed the scotch. She poured herself another.

"Too much whisky . . . it's bad for your stomach. Please sit down. Relax."

"Ok . . . Ok . . ."

She shook her head and gulped scotch.

"Tell me about that little girl from Chicago — O what was her name — did she ever get her abortion?"

"Abortion . . . abort . . . I don't know . . . abortion?"

"Mother! What's wrong? Are you drunk?"

"Drunk? O yes . . . well . . ."

She poured herself another drink.

"Please, please try no calm down. Here, listen to this —"

EJ read something he'd written in the margin of a newspaper:

Deathmask gliding
over rockdust ridges of
secondhand twilight sorrow
: I weep for you

"Well? What do you think of it? I mean it's only the germ of an idea. I could develop it into something. It's just something I jotted down, really. It came to me while I was reading this —"

Mandy did 'do it' with cousin James. But, as she tearfully told EJ, she didn't mean to. In fact, she didn't quite know what was happening. "We were drinking sherry and he — for no reason at all — he said to me he said: 'You know, your father's not quite so stuffy as he seems! In his day he was quite a card, and then he said something about Father being a

real legend in the red-light district of Rangoon . . . And, well, I didn't like that sort of talk, so I tried to change the subject, and I told him . . . I told him that I thought . . . that I thought he looked like Paul McCartney . . ."

"Poor Mandy. Poor Mandy."

" . . . first he laughed, said: 'And you my dear look like Yoko Ono.' And then suddenly his expression changed and he said: 'No, not Ono, Sophia . . . Sophia Loren . . ."

Mandy stopped and tried vainly to hold back the tears.

"O. Poor Mandy."

EJ, standing behind Mandy, stroked her hair and massaged the back of her neck. " . . . and then . . . I don't know . . . he was all over me, saying 'Sophia, Sophia' And we were on the sofa . . . and . . . and he was touching me . . . touching me all over . . ." "O. Poor Mandy. Poor, poor Mandy."

EJ carried the body downstairs and deposited it in the back seat of a cab that was standing at the curb.

"How much would it cost to take her to Town of Mount Royal."

"What's the matter with her — she drunk?"

"No, no —"

"C'mon, you can tell me."

The driver winked at EJ.

"What is it — she all doped up? — how do you call it? — stoned?"

"No, no."

scandal sheets . .

continued from pg. 1

Pepys Loves Smut

If the old lady catches you with any of these rags, you can always fall back on the excuse Samuel Pepys used when caught red handed with a copy of - "L'ecole des Filles", a "mighty lewd book, but not yet amiss for a sober man to read over to inform himself in the villany of the world." Forwarned is forarmed.

Tabloid press is here to stay. They don't hurt anybody, and truckloads of mutually consenting adults keep them going. According to the Audit Bureau of Circulation figures for 1970, the *National Enquirer*, the largest of the tabloids, sold 7,733,955 copies a month. *Midnight*, which comes out in a French edition *Minuit*, the second largest, sold 2,169,162 copies a month. These are figures for newsstand sales alone. *Time Magazine's* newsstand sales for the same period were 1,015,001; *Life* sold a meagre 909,515; and *Playboy*, 4,242,401.

Tabloid readers keep coming back for more. Their stories may be hokum but their letters are for real, or at least written by your friends and neighbors, not the fat, bald guy at the editor's desk. Reader response is terrific 'cause the Tabloids are fun.



by Hammurabi

While we all wait with bated breath for Jerome Choquette's Bill 45, the Consumer Protection Act to go through the committee stage and become law, it should be pointed out that the law may well become another futile gesture in this area, unless steps are taken to educate the consumer as to how he is being "protected".

Ignorance of the law on the part of the consumer has already proven itself to be the principal factor for the failure of two earlier legislative attempts at consumer protection by the Québec government.

The first such attempt was the *Instalment Sales Act* of 1947 which is now found in articles 1561a to j of the *Québec Civil Code*. This legislation sought to regulate instalment sales contracts involving less than \$8.00. The most important provision is the maximum interest rate of **three-quarters of one percent per month**. Other provisions regulate down payments, and the form and legibility of the contracts. If a sale does not conform to the requirements of the law, the vendor loses the right to repossess the thing sold, and interest is reduced in some cases to the legal rate of 5% per annum.

This legislation, still in force has remained unchanged since its passage. Its draftmanship is primitive and in many places ambiguous, so that it is virtually unintelligible to the consumer.

As a result, most stores, including some of the large department stores, continue to operate as though the law did not exist, charging interest rates considerably higher than the rate fixed in the law.

The second attempt at consumer protection by the Québec government was first passed in 1959, and was later replaced in 1968 by a similar law now known as the *Private Education Act*. One of the aims of this act was to protect the consumer against unscrupulous and incompetent private schools of all varieties from "self-improvement schools" to "correspondence schools".

The "dance schools" were probably the best example of the type of school that prompted this legislation. Such schools would urge old, lonely widows to spend thousands of dollars on "lifetime contracts" for dancing lessons. The contracts were paid for in advance, and could not be cancelled.

The *Private Education Act* and its regulations require a **ten day period in which the consumer may cancel his contract at no cost**. In addition, no one can be asked to pay more than half in advance. As well, if a pupil drops out, he or she is only required to pay for the lessons actually taken, plus one fifth of the value of the remaining lessons. The regulations also limit a dance lesson contract to 50 hours, and in all cases, a pupil may not be asked to sign another contract before the one in force is completed.

These provisions could greatly reduce the vast sums filched from the public by the type of unscrupulous "school" that caused this legislation to be enacted, yet again, the public is completely unaware of their rights under this law.

These two examples of legislation designed to protect the consumer do not rely on the police or any government inspector for their enforcement. They can only be effectively enforced by the consumer himself. For this reason it is essential that there be a massive educational campaign launched to inform the consumer of his rights.

It was recently revealed on the C. B. C. Hourglass programme, that Radio-Québec, a Québec government agency created to produce educational radio and T. V. programmes, is doing nothing, and has been doing nothing for over a year. The cost to the Québec taxpayer is well over \$6 million a year. Rather than be continuously bombarded by vaginal deodorant spray ads, or hype for a new dandruff cure, it might be slightly more advantageous to the public, for the directors of Radio-Québec to get off their backsides and produce for television a series of one minute lessons to inform consumers of their rights under the new Consumer Protection Act.

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FACULTY OF MUSIC

'71 - '72
BIGGER &
BETTER!

Yes, Virginia, the Faculty of Music is alive and well and giving concerts (bigger & better) in Redpath Hall (many are free) (a bargain)! In any case, here are some dates to remember — further information can be obtained, harangued or begged for at any faculty concert or phone 392-4501.

Tonight (already!) Oct. 1 8.30 p.m. pianist Elsbeth Heim (all the way from Switzerland)

Oct. 3 11.30 a.m. (what an hour for a Jazz concert) Library Terrace (cool).

Oct. 13 8.30 p.m. The Jazz Band

Oct. 15 Duo Pianists — Bruce Mather & Pierrette Le Page

Oct. 22 A voice recital by Ann Golden (McGill's answer to Leontyne Price) . . . & Steven Koridaks (viola) & Charles Reiner (piano). 8.30 p.m.

Nov. 5 The Faculty Wind Ensemble ('Tis an ill wind that blows . . . forget it) 8.30 p.m.

Now, 12 & 13 Opera! A special 150th performance — Free, 8.30 p.m.

Etc. Etc. Etc. come often — a little culture goes a long way (out)!

All concerts in Redpath Hall except Oct. 3rd.

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student representation: telling the administration where to get off

Part of the Society's job is to see that the Administration listens to and acts upon the requests of students. Getting the Administration to see our viewpoint is in most cases a long and tedious process. But it is a task made longer and more tedious by a shortage of articulate student spokesmen. If you're wondering why the Students' Society almost never gets anywhere with the administration, you're probably the type of person we want. Telling the Administration where to get off is *not* something everyone can do. It takes a special combination of hard-work and finesse. So we're going to be discriminating about the type of individuals who are permitted to represent your interests. This year we're prepared to settle for nothing less than the best students. And if that means limiting the scope of representation, we're prepared to concentrate on the few key areas that cannot be neglected for another week or another month. If you have definite ideas about the direction we should take and you're willing to spend a year serving as a student representative to the Administration, apply immediately at the Students' Society Offices on the first floor of the Union. We have openings for good people in the following key committees:

Academic Policy: focal point of all academic planning and decision making with respect to course material and course format

Admissions Committee: planning center for all major policy regarding admissions

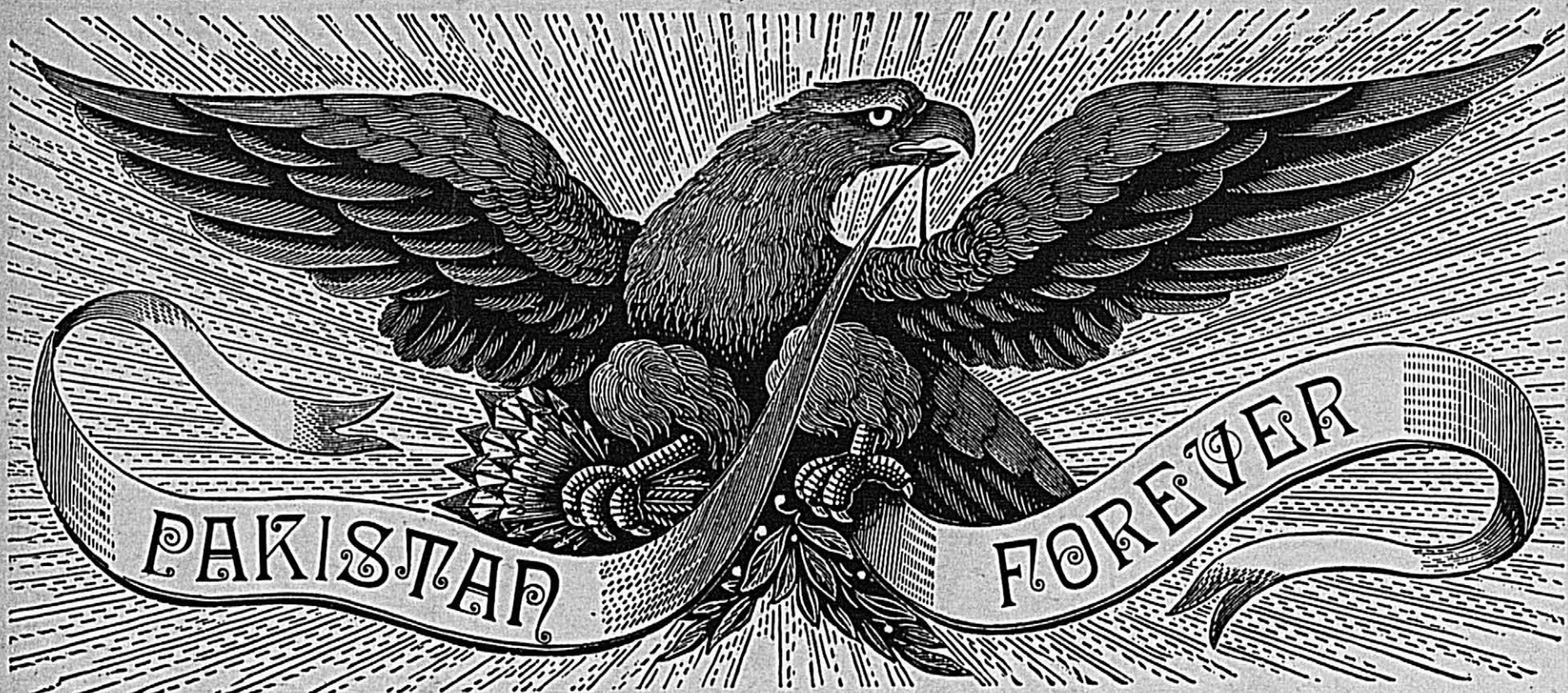
University Placement: addresses the question of jobs after graduation

Collegial Studies: policy making and course design for CEGEP level instruction

McGill Students' Society

first things first





by nesar ahmad

It was in 1953 that the U.S. made a dramatic entry into Pakistan politics. Pakistan received substantial aid that year. The change in the situation was marked, on the one hand, by the installation of the Eisenhower Administration; and on the other, a wheat shortage in Pakistan was built up into a crisis of the first order. A "package deal" for wheat provided the new administration with an opportunity to install Muhammad Ali Bogra, erstwhile Pakistani ambassador to Washington, as Prime Minister. Since then the U.S. has continued its dominance in the affairs of Pakistan.

U.S. involvement in Pakistan does not spring from any altruistic intentions. The idea was to ensure protection of Western interests in that region. With this objective in mind, the U.S. government has created strong armed forces in Pakistan, and supported the autocratic regimes of the country ever since the early fifties.

The Middle East and parts of South East Asia were traditionally regarded as British and French spheres of influence. By the fifties, U.S. had started to take a deep interest in these areas. In the Middle East, there was the danger of Soviet penetration, while in South East Asia, the French had suffered a final defeat at Dien Bien Phu. Pakistan's unique, strategic position must have spurred the American policy makers to make Pakistan a part of the northern tier opposing the Soviet Union in the Middle East and also protecting South East Asia on its Western flank. Once brought under the Western hegemony, this country became an effective link in the string of military bases encircling the U.S.S.R.

On the pretext of curbing an expansion of Soviet influence, Pakistan's geographical situation could be exploited to guarantee "political stability" in these areas, and to provide military resources, especially manpower, to crush any nationalist movement (such as that led by Mosaddegh in Iran) which might threaten the Western oil interests. Lord Birdwood's statement is highly significant in this respect: "The availability of a Pakistan division either in the Middle East system deriving from Western patronage or in the existing Arab Security Pact might well connote a new sense of vitality in the hitherto cautious development of Pakistan's Arab associations."

If the U.S. motivations were clearly selfish, what prompted the Pakistani government to join the alliance?

Historians usually ascribe the Pakistani rulers' desire for a close tie with the U.S. to the failing economy of the country. Thus G. S. Bhargava says: "A grave economic crisis was then facing Pakistan following a drop in the world prices of raw materials, especially cotton and jute, which constituted its chief exports. Simultaneously, its military expenditure was mounting."

While the economic crisis was genuine, one can still maintain that the famine scare of 1953 was used to facilitate the U.S. involvement in Pakistan's affairs. First, the statements of the Finance Minister clearly imply that the actual shortage was much less than claimed at the time. Second, U.S. wheat did not begin to arrive until 12 months after the crisis, by which time a bumper crop was standing in the fields. If the fact of scarcity was grossly exaggerated by foreign experts, one may well wonder about their motivation. Suspicion of a deliberate misrepresentation grows when one considers that much of the wheat received from the U.S. during the time was thrown away after it had become unfit for consumption. The wheat loan was not then a humanitarian gesture to save starving people, but merely a ploy to create the climate of opinion favourable to an alliance with the U.S.

The most significant aspect of this alliance is that the main initiative from the Pakistani side came from the army. The first Prime Minister, L. A. Khan, subsequently assassinated under mysterious circumstances, was known to favour a neutralist foreign policy. It was the Commander-in-Chief of the army, General Ayub Khan, who later assumed complete power, who had started thinking in terms of military alliance with the U.S. as early as 1951. Thus Ayub's biographer, himself an army officer, claims that the negotiation with the U.S. authorities was wholly a result of the initiative and effort of General Ayub Khan. According to the same source, the Americans did not have a high opinion of the competence of Pakistan's political leaders and, therefore, welcomed having the army on their side.

With the death of Prime Minister L. A. Khan effective power in Pakistan had passed on to senior army officers and civil servants. Operative controls passed into the hands of Defence Secretary General Iskander Mirza, who later became the governor general and the President, and General Ayub Khan, the Commander-in-Chief.

Thus with the consolidation of the alliance, the failure of the democratic process was ensured. Politically, the army was inordinately strengthened,

assuming unrivalled authority at the cost of the dissipation of civilian political parties. This also helped in the creation of a monopoly group of 20 families.

Results of the Alliance

First, the immediate result of the alliance was Pakistan's total subservience to the U.S. As Tariq Ali points out, "There was nothing to justify the use of the word 'mutual' in the agreement . . . most of the clauses were impositions on the government of Pakistan to act faithfully as a trustee of American interests in the region." In the field of foreign affairs, Pakistan became a satellite of the U.S. Whereas in the past Pakistan had advocated the representation of the Peking regime in the United Nations, she started voting since 1954 with the U.S. on the issue. During the Suez crisis, the tone of the Pakistan delegate's speech was nearer those of the Western delegates. Pakistan was one of the few Asian countries which had welcomed the Eisenhower doctrine for West Asia. She also supported the U.S. and Britain on the issue of complaints by Lebanon and Jordan alleging intervention by the United Arab Republic, which led to the landing of the American marines in Lebanon and British forces in Jordan.

Second, the U.S. involvement has resulted in the militarization of the society in Pakistan. A U.S. document entitled *Technical Assistance: A Final Report of the Committee on Foreign Relations*, March 12, 1957, states the following: "From a political viewpoint, U.S. military aid has strengthened Pakistan's armed services, the greatest single stabilizing force in the country, and has encouraged Pakistan to participate in collective defence agreements."

Creation of strong armed forces in a poor society is financially disastrous. Once established it requires increasing financial resources for its maintenance. Thus in Pakistan, 60% of the budget went for defence requirements. This had two implications: 1) It drained away much needed resources which could have been used for socio-economic uplift, 2) Since the army was predominantly composed of West Pakistanis, to the extent defence expenditure was increased, East Pakistan was deprived financially.

The third deleterious effect of U.S. aid to Pakistan is that it has widened the economic inequality between East and West Pakistan and between the classes.

East-West Disparity:

The U.S. economic assistance has helped increase the disparity by channelling aid and investment to West Pakistan. The bulk of the aid has thus

been used to support industrialisation in West Pakistan, with only a handful of projects undertaken in East Pakistan.

Class Disparity

The chief economist of the Pakistan Planning Commission, M. Haq, has said that 20 families own 66% of industrial assets in Pakistan, 70% of insurance funds, and 80% of bank assets, while 20% of the labour force has been unemployed ever since independence.

In Pakistan it seems fair to assume that the foreign establishment has underwritten a socio-economic system and a development strategy that have produced a monopolistic economic structure that is neither efficient, dynamic nor equitable. According to Timothy and Leslie Nulty, "Foreign aid and advice in Pakistan have in fact encouraged and enabled a small class of wealthy monopolists to extend their control over the economy, the government and the society . . . the pattern that has been established is one of political instability and continued dependence on external resources."

Parallel with Vietnam:

The reaction of the U.S. State Department to the crisis in East Pakistan, which has progressed from agonizing silence to studied ambivalence, is highly reminiscent of the early days of American involvement in Vietnam. The Department ultimately came out with the statement that in the East Pakistan situation "stability and support of the status quo is more to our interest than any upheaval."

While the actual shipment of arms had never stopped, the Department had issued a statement claiming an embargo had been placed on supply of arms to Pakistan. After Tad Szulc of the *New York Times* (June 22) revealed that the shipment had continued despite the ban, the State Department announced its policy of continued military assistance to Pakistan.

What is more significant is Senator Kennedy's revelation that the U.S. had plans to send police teams to East Pakistan to help the Pakistan government suppress Bengali resistance (*Newsweek*, August 2, 1971, p. 26). The American involvement in Pakistan has reached a stage where it is no longer sufficient to furnish supplies of money, goods, and armaments. The physical intervention seems to have become necessary. One might then reasonably ask: "Is another Vietnam in the making in East Pakistan?" This is a valid question, more so in view of the fact that the newspaper reports indicate that a genuine guerrilla-type resistance movement is developing surprisingly quickly in the region.

Nesar Ahmed is Contributing Editor to the *Daily*. He is a graduate student in the department of philosophy and teaches political philosophy at Loyola.



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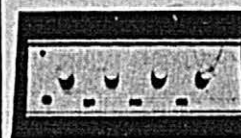
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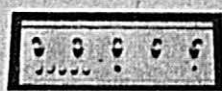
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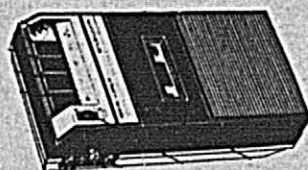
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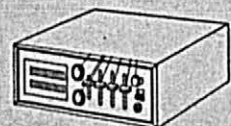
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In cooperation with the McGill sesquicentennial committee and Open House, the McGill Stamp Club will hold an exhibition October 1 to 3. The exhibition will be held in the main lobby of the Arts Building. Hours: Friday, 9 to 9; Saturday, 9 to 6; Sunday, noon to 6.

The Federal Post Office has cooperated in setting up a cancelling machine with a special cancellation for the occasion. The Post Office has made available the Leacock, Osler and Rutherford stamps.

The McGill Stamp Club has commissioned an appropriate cacheted cover to accompany the stamp and cancellation. These covers will be available only during the exhibition.

COMMUNITY WORKSHOP

We urgently need a teacher-co-ordinator for the following: Pottery, Photography, art and silk-screening. Clark St. Community Workshop. Call Terry 481-8416 (9-5 pm); Barbara 843-7885 (5-11 pm).

ALVIN TOFFLER

There are no remaining tickets for the Alvin Toffler live lecture. However, the lecture will be televised into the Palmer Howard theater, 6th floor McIntyre Medical building at 2 pm today.

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Dr. Donald O. Hebb will speak on "The Problem of Self-knowledge" as part of the Bertrand Russell Colloquium on Exact Philosophy. 3479 Peel, 2nd floor, 4-6.

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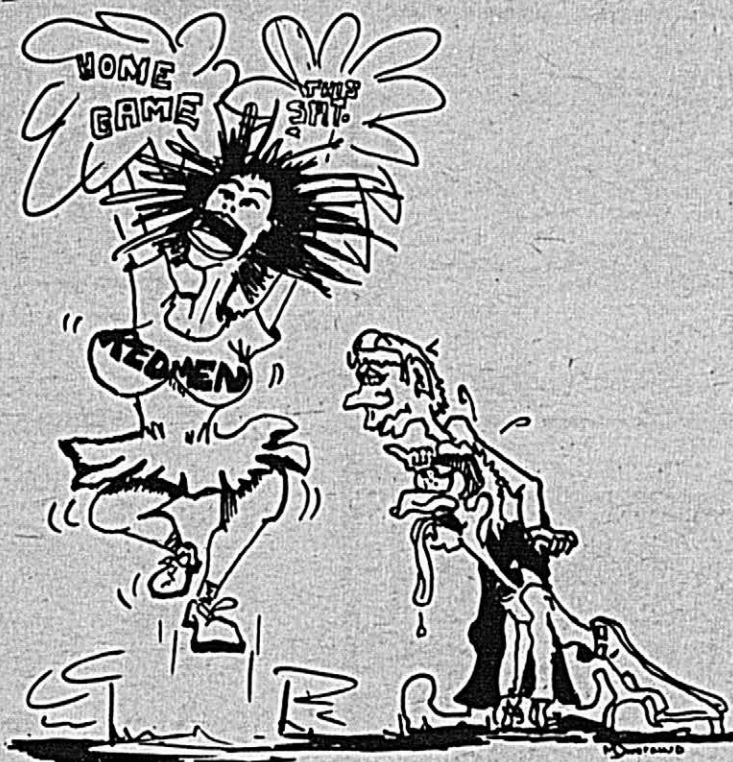
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Faced with this ominous sentence, some of her crew let lapse the fiery tenacity that had so been a mark of their past. The vessel was tattered and tossed, and many were surprised that she reached port at all.

Alas the storm had taken its toll. The sails were slashed to ribbons and the hold exposed a gaping hole. The survivors had to face the bitter reality — this was their last voyage.

It was a long and cold winter that followed. The *Redmond* sagged into a state of neglect and disrepair. Various circles tried in vain to restore her former stature. How could such an illustrious past spawn so sombre a future?

But lo and behold, there was

some kindly benefactor in the land who could not bear to witness this decay. A concerted effort was initiated to strive for the "uncompromised revival" of the *Redmond*. The result: a complete restoration that saw her manned by a young, exuberant crew and a weathered complement of officers.

And so it was with stern resolution that the *Redmond* embarked this year. She swayed rhythmically through the seas, gently tickled by the waves. Her inexperienced crew faltered at times, but that would be cured. All was well.

But wait . . . what was that in the distance. Could it be a . . . a . . . waterfall?

How can our heroes be saved from this lonely fate? Well, there's this here football game tomorrow against Sir George, see, and a lotta people includ-

ing coaches, players and the Redmen Marching Band have all given their darnedness to provide us with a nice afternoon out in the sunshine. So why don't you all buy a six-pack and make it on up to Molson Stadium tomorrow for 2 pm.

It could be the last chance you got.

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